

1992

## There Here

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

(1992) "There Here," *Exile*: Vol. 39 : No. 2 , Article 37.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol39/iss2/37>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

## There

cold steel cuts your feet  
the tendons trail through daffodils  
as you run towards a dark, soft place  
you step into the plush black  
wanting to heal your open sores

you lay down behind the headstone  
with the closed-faced forms  
who cannot see your eyes  
their hands are rough tough and cold  
and horribly arousing

(your brain disconnects itself)

when you are ready to leave  
you get up from the dirt  
and brush the beetles to the ground  
they crawl quietly, gingerly  
inside the wounds on your feet

(the darkness has not healed you)

## Here

(the light cuts on inside)

your pupils grow big, then small  
you shake your head, the pain spins  
don't look into the mirror—  
you skin is shifting and cracking  
and you will soon be old

(your eyes will wilt like theirs)

the sun is shining and slicing  
and when you let in the light  
you will be burned by god  
his luminance heals nothing  
his lightning will split your spine

you do not want to see  
you burrow down and wish for maggots  
they eat only the dead tissue  
and they will help you to heal  
when they fly away you will be shiny

— Anonymous